

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,  
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.  
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:  
Faire payment for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.  
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,  
A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise,  
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,  
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:  
Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,  
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:  
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,  
That more for prais, then purpose meant to kill.  
And out of question, so it is sometimes:  
Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,  
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,  
We bend to that, the working of the hart.  
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill  
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meane no ill.  
Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraigntie  
Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be  
Lords ore their Lords?  
Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,  
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clow. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head  
Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue  
no heads.

Clow. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clow. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.  
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,  
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.  
Are not you the chiefe womā? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?

Clow. I haue a Letter from Monsieur Berowne,  
To one Lady Rosaline.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.  
Stand a side good bearer.

Boyet, you can carue.

Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serue.

This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:

It is writ to Iaquenetta.

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reads.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true  
that thou art. beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art  
lously: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious,  
truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroi-  
call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King  
Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-  
ger Zenelophon: and he it was that might rightly say, *Pe-  
ni, vidi, vici*: Which to annotharize in the vulgar, O  
base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*. He came, See, and o-  
uercame: hee came one; see, two; couercame three:  
Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why

did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the  
Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame  
he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose  
side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side?  
the Beggars. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose  
side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am  
the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Beg-  
ger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command  
thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could.  
Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex-  
change for ragges, robes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe  
mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on  
thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy  
euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie;

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,  
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:  
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,  
And he from forrage will incline to play.  
But if thou striue (poore foule) what art thou then?  
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this  
Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you  
euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court  
A Phantasmie, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport  
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should'st thou giue it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clow. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine,  
To a Lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.

Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I may continend of beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,

Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.

Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not

neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her Boyet, and shee

strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:

Haue I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that  
was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy, as  
touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may answere thee with one as old that  
was a woman when Queene Guinoner of Brittain was a  
little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:

And I cannot, another can.

Clow. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marucilous well shot, for they both  
did hit.

Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies  
my Lady.

Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clow. Indeepe a must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit  
the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand  
is in.

Clow. Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the  
is in.

Mar. Come, come, you talke greafely, your lips grow  
foule.

Clow. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her  
to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good  
Oule.

Clow. By my foule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete icsts, most in conie vulgar wit,

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,  
so fit.

Armatho ath to the side, O a most dainty man.

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will  
sweare:

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heauens, it is most pathetieall nit.

Sowla, sowla.

Shoote within.

Exeunt.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truly, and done in the testi-  
mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood,  
ripe as a Pomewater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in  
the eare of Celia the skie; the welken the heauen, and a-  
non falleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the soyle, the  
land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truly M. Holofernes, the epythithes are  
sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure  
ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand credo.

Dull. 'Twas not a hand credo, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insi-  
nation, as it were in via, in way of explication facere: as  
it were replication, or rather ostentare, to shew as it were  
his inclination after his vnderstod, vnpolished, vneduca-  
ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathe-  
rest vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my hand credo  
for a Deare.

Dull. I said the Deare was not a hand credo, 'twas a  
Pricket.

Hol. Twice God simplicitie, his coltus, O thou mon-  
ster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are  
bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not  
onely sensible in the  
are set before vs, tha  
taste and feeling, are  
vs more then hee.

For as it would ill b

a foole;

So were there a pate

Schoole.

But omne bene say I,

Many can brooke the

Dull. You two are

wit, What was a mo

weekes old as yet?

Hol. Diffisima g

Dull.

Dull. What is diffi

Nath. A title to

Hol. The Moone

no more.

And wrought not to

Th'allusion holds in

Dull. 'Tis true in

Exchange.

Hol. God comfort

in the Exchange.

Dull. And I say th

for the Moone is neu

side that, 'twas a Pri

Hol. Sir Nathaniel

Epytaph on the dea

the ignorant call'd

Pricket.

Nath. Perge, go

please you to abroga

Hol. I will somet

facilitie.

The prayfull Pri

a prettie plea

Some say a Sor

till now mas

The Dogges di

then Sorell

Or Pricket: for

the people fa

If Sore be fore,

makes ffitie s

Of one sore I an

by adding bu

Nath. A rare tale

Dull. If a talent b

with a talent.

Nath. This is a g

lish extrauagant spir

iects, Ideas, apprehe

are begot in the vent

wombe of primater,

of occasion: but the

acute, and I am than

Hol. Sir, I praise

parishioners, for th

and their Daughters

are a good member.

Nath. Me hercle,